

Halo: Delta-Six

by Mr.KitKat

Category: Halo

Genre: Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-08-30 00:28:54

Updated: 2013-08-30 00:28:54

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:27:21

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 5,868

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Delta-Six: Known for stealth and counterinsurgency operations, though this cell of Section Three saw little activity during the Human-Covenant War. However, with the United Rebel Front making a comeback after the war that nearly brought humanity to extinction, ONI has deemed it necessary to reinstate D-6, with a small team of SPARTANS giving D-6 its reputation.

1. Prologue: Beta-Red

****PROLOGUE****

****BETA-RED****

****CHAPTER ONE****

****0650 HOURS, AUGUST 30****TH****, 2552 (MILITARY
CALENDAR)****

****EPSILON ERIDANI SYSTEM, ORBITAL DEFENSE GENERATOR****

****FACILITY A-331, REACH****

"Gamma-One Actual, my team is in position. Get your people ready to move as soon as I give the signal, over."

Naomi-010 radioed to First Lieutenant Jake Chapman. She looked over the Orbital Defense Generator (ODG) Facility as Marcus-143 and Evelyn-091 quickly set up the first wave of auto-turrets. Out in the woods, Aidan-103 and Carris-137 had been busy setting up LOTUS AT (Anti-Tank) Mines for the Covenant armor division that was steadily making their way towards the SPARTANS and the facility. She looked at Marcus and Evelyn as they came jogging up to her.

"Alright, set up the final turrets and take positions by them. Get ready to move on my mark."

Both SPARTANs nodded and dispersed, setting up the second wave of auto-turrets. Above her was Riley-071, lying prone on the roof of the facility, her SRS99 sniper rifle shouldered and readied. Naomi took a deep breath and collected her thoughts. If earlier reports were right, Beta-Red would be facing up to three-hundred Covenant soldiers while surrounded by thousands more. She looked up to the sky which was heavy with black smoke and faint explosions of orange, red, purple and blue as both the Navy and Covenant went toe to toe in space. She had been left in charge of Beta-Red with the objective of defending the generators long enough for the UNSC to turn the tide of the battle, though she was starting to have her doubts, especially when friendly forces drop bombs on each other due to panic and stress.

"Aidan, Carris? Mines set?" She inquired.

"Copy Beta-Red Actual. Just took out a few scouts. Jackal marksmen and few grunts." Aidan replied.

"Those tanks won't have any idea on what hit them." Carris added.

"Understood. Bring it back and get ready." Naomi replied.

She watched as two green acknowledgement lights winked in her HUD. She looked to the others back at the facility and then around her. Reach was burning and she couldn't believe it. How the Covenant were able to have such a foothold and push through the defenses was beyond her. Was ONI keeping them in the dark or was the force that hit Reach stronger than originally thought? Before she could follow through with that train of thought, she was snapped back to reality as Gamma-One radioed her.

"With respect, Red â€" we might not be SPARTANs, but this is our home. My men will die here if I ask them to."

Naomi grinned to herself and nodded towards Aidan and Carris as they came jogging up. She glanced to Marcus and Evelyn as the final set of turrets came up.

"I don't doubt that Gamma-One Actual. Let's hope they don't have to. Defensive perimeter online." She turned and watched as Aidan shouldered his B55 HB battle rifle and took a position next to Riley. Carris stood next to Evelyn and leaned forward a little bit, anticipating the enemy approach. She walked towards Marcus, who looked at her and nodded and returned his attention forward as the sounds of Covenant troops and vehicles drew closer.

"This is nuts! What in the hell are those auto-turrets supposed to do against what they're bringing over?"

Naomi grinned. "Divide their attention." She looked towards Marcus as he chuckled and hefted the M41 SSR rocket launcher over his shoulder.

"Contacts!" Aidan shouted over TEAMCOM.

"Visual! Thirty-Two Wraiths moving with two-hundred sixty infantry at two-hundred meters, closing on our lines due west at six kilometers

per hour," Naomi glanced at the TEAMBIOS, each one steady and calm. "Beta-Red, hold position until I trigger primaries, then close on their line as fast as you can."

Five green acknowledgement lights went off. They were ready and prepared. She gripped the railing and looked at Marcus one last time, who looked back at her. She could tell he was smiling under his helmet. She could even hear it in his voice.

"Wonder what will get to the Wraith first. Me or the two rockets?"

Naomi chuckled and pulled the detonator from her belt. She saw the Wraiths draw closer and slowly counted down from ten. Random shots of green and blue flew past her and Marcus, sizzling the air and melting bits of metal.

Six.

She looked towards Aidan and Riley. A few stray bolts must have hit them as she caught their shields slowly recharging, though they didn't falter from their original positions. They were zoned in, their targets picked. Like Linda-058, both Aidan and Riley were in their Zen mode.

Five.

Off on her right, Carris gripped onto the railing, slightly bending the metal. She was ready to jump over and tackle the first thing to cross her path while Evelyn hefted another rocket launcher, her finger hovering above the trigger.

Four.

Three.

Two.

One.

"Mark!"

Naomi clicked down on the detonator. Explosions tore through the ground, columns of red and orange flames erupting into the air catching Grunts, Jackals and Elites by surprise and incinerating them. Wraiths were engulfed and quickly went up in flames of blue and purple. The survivors were dazed and confused, not knowing what happened exactly. Naomi watched as rockets streaked off into the distance, impacting with the Wraiths that managed to survive the initial attack. The already smoking tanks stuttered and went up in flames as they suddenly exploded, catching any survivors in the blast radius, shrapnel tearing Elites and Jackals in half. Loud pops could be heard as the flames engulfed the screaming Grunts, their methane tanks exploding.

Naomi caught Carris jump over the railing as a fresh Wraith pushed forward, knocking aside chunks of scorched purple metal and running over any survivors who attempted to crawl away. The gunner of the Wraith, an Elite Minor, aimed up and opened fire on Carris, her

shields flaring. As her shields popped a sniper shot rang out, piercing right through the gunner's shields. The Elite's head snapped back harshly as the round punctured through the front of the helmet, spattering the Wraith in bits of blood and bone. She slammed down onto the tank with a very loud thunk, the metal giving in slightly to her weight. She brought her fist up and slammed it down on the pilot hatch and bent it enough so she could tear it off. She tore the hatch off with ease and exposed the driver who looked up at her and let out a war cry. Before the driver could reach for his side-arm Carris swung down again, her punch dazing the Elite and in one quick motion she pulled a grenade from her belt, dropped it in and jumped off the Wraith, rolling to the side as the grenade went off disabling the vehicle, dark grey smoke exploding from the cockpit. More shots rang out as Aidan and Riley provided cover for Carris as she quickly ducked behind the lifeless tank.

"Holy shit! You're not gonna believe this! Beta-Red just punched right up into the guts of that Covie column! Ever see a SPARTAN go hand to hand with a Wraith? Unbelievable!"

Naomi scowled and switched over to TEAMCOM. As much as she enjoyed listening to pointless radio chatter she didn't have the time for it, not when the Covenant were assaulting her position with what seemed like everything they had. She looked at Marcus as he dropped the spent rocket launcher and drew his MA5B assault rifle. He looked at her and nodded.

"Hit 'em hard, Red!"

Her SPARTANs sprung into action.

****CHAPTER TWO****

****0658 HOURS, AUGUST 30****TH****, 2552 (MILITARY CALENDAR)****

****EPSILON ERIDANI SYSTEM, ORBITAL DEFENSE GENERATOR****

****FACILITY A-331, REACH****

Marcus-143 was already over the railing and falling to the ground as Naomi made the order. He hit the ground in a crouch, brought up the assault rifle and fired off a quick burst, catching one Jackal in the neck and shredding the knee off a Grunt. He fired off a few more rounds, scattering the remaining Grunts as they dived to the side only to be picked off from distance by Aidan-103 as he covered both him and Naomi.

"Thanks buddy!" Marcus said over TEAMCOM, looking over his shoulder to his guardian angel. A single round passed by him and nailed a Grunt that was priming a plasma grenade. The grenade dropped to the dirt and exploded in a fiery blue fashion, knocking up dirt and flaring Marcus' shields along with a stealth Elite's shields. The Elite roared in anger, his active camouflage dying. Marcus swore, spun around and dropped to one knee, emptying his rifle at the Elite's chest. The Elite howled again as his shields flared a deep blue and died. Marcus' rifle clicked empty and the Elite charged him. He swore again, tossed the rifle to side, quickly stood up and charged back at the Elite. Both slammed together but the Elite was heavier and stronger, easily knocking Marcus backwards. He hit the

ground with the heavy thump with his shields popping and the air being knocked out of him. As he tried to stand, the Elite pinned him to the ground with his boot. Marcus looked to the side as the Elite drew his Type-1 energy sword, raising it high in the air. Naomi was covering Carris, who was currently going toe to toe with an Elite Major. He looked back up at the Elite who had him pinned. The Elite moved his four mandibles in a way which almost made it seem like he was smiling. Marcus gritted his teeth and waited for the inevitable, which never came.

Three rounds slammed into the Elite: two slamming into the Elite's combat harness, the third and final round tearing through the shoulder of its sword arm. The Elite roared in pain and stumbled backwards. Marcus jumped up, drew his combat knife and lunged forward, driving the carbon-steel blade into the Elite's neck. The Elite gasped in pain and attempted to reach for the knife, only to watch as the Demon tore the knife away in a brutal fashion, splattering dark grey flesh and purple blood across the ground. The Elite attempted to scream but only coughed up blood before dropping to the ground dead. Marcus looked over his shoulder and saw Aidan as he turned his attention to a pair of Jackals who were trying to flank them. He fired once, catching one of the Jackal's gun hand and fired again as the Jackal moved his energy shield to the side and exposed himself. The three round burst caught the Jackal in the jaw, tearing it in half and the final round catching another Jackal in the eye. Marcus rushed towards the last bird like creature, batted the energy shield away with his forearm and reached out with his left, grasping the Jackal by the neck. The creature squawked in surprise and fell silent as Marcus crushed its wind pipe. He let the Jackal go and caught the M6D pistol that was thrown towards him.

"Sure you wanna give me your spare?" he asked, clicking the safety off.

"Positive. But I expect it back and clean when we push these bastards off Reach!" Aidan replied, firing off a few more rounds at another Elite.

Marcus brought the pistol up and fired twice, both heavy rounds slamming into the Elite. The first round punched through its shields and the second round punctured the Elite's chest, knocking it backwards. The Grunts following the Elite screamed in terror, dropped their weapons, raised their arms up in the air and rushed towards the two SPARTANS, the Type-1 antipersonnel grenades in their hands active.

"Suicide Grunts! Watch the little bastards!" Aidan yelled over TEAMCOM.

Aidan pulled a M9 HE-DP grenade from his belt, primed it and counted to three before rolling it towards the suicidal Grunts. The grenade came to a halt inches away from the first Grunt and exploded, knocking up rock and dirt and knocking both Aidan's and Marcus' shields down to half. The resulting explosions from the dropped plasma grenades drained their shields and knocked them backwards. Both slowly stood up, the faint sound of the warning klaxon of no shields ringing in their ears. Both looked around, stunned at the destruction around the facility. Bodies of Grunts, Jackals and Elites lay in bloody piles. Wraiths lay in flaming heaps yet the numbers that Beta Red put down didn't matter as the Covenant quickly refilled

those positions.

"Banshee fliers headed this way!" Riley shouted over TEAMCOM which was quickly followed by two shots from her sniper rifle in hopes of drawing their attention. Aidan and Marcus looked up and saw a pair of fliers headed for them. They saw two more rounds connect with the lead Banshee, the left wing shearing off the bird. The banshee tilted and started to drop altitude. Both SPARTANs rolled in opposite directions as the Banshee slammed to the ground and exploded in bright purple, sending pieces of debris and pilot in every direction.

"Damnit!" Riley yelled as the second flier went by, strafing her. "Red, you've got no more cover-"

Before she could finish her sentence, the Banshee looped around and dropped a banshee bomb near her. Riley was picked up off her feet and thrown over the side of the building, her green armor scorched black. She hit the ground with a thump and Marcus quickly rushed to her as Aidan gave him covering firing.

"Naomi, things are getting hairy down here!" Aidan called out as he fired off his remaining rounds.

"Copy that Aidan! Alright Red, back into the facility! We'll bottle neck them there!"

Aidan emptied his weapon and turned around running towards the facility. He watched Marcus carry Riley inside, her BIOS erratic. He reloaded his weapon, crouched behind a concrete pillar and began to give Carris and Naomi covering fire, who were under heavy fire from a small team of Elites, their golden armor reflecting the fires that burned around them.

"Covering fire!" Aidan aimed at the first Elite and opened fire, the rounds putting the Elite behind cover. "Go!"

Aidan fired off more suppressive shots as the Elite poked his head up. The rounds pinged off the burned out tank and the Elite ducked low to avoid being hit. Carris and Naomi stood and sprinted for the facility as he laid out more fire. His rifle clicked empty and he ducked behind cover, swearing under his breath.

"Reloading!"

He reached for a fresh magazine as the empty one hit the ground and he slammed the fresh magazine into the receiver and pushed the bolt forward, the ammo counter reading a full thirty-six rounds. He leaned back out and fired off more rounds, popping the shields of another Elite and tearing his throat out as the final round connected. He took aim at the next Elite and fired. The Elite stood his ground as the rounds connected and he took aim at Aidan and returned fire, Type-31 needle rounds bouncing off of his shields. Aidan ducked behind cover; his shields draining quicker than he thought they would. He peeked back out and watched as sniper rounds tore through the Elite's shields and its face. Aidan followed the contrail and noticed Evelyn hugging the door-frame, Riley's sniper in her hands. She quickly jumped to her next target and fired, driving the second Elite back down.

"Keep going!" Evelyn screamed.

Aidan popped back out and fired more as Evelyn ducked back behind cover to reload. Naomi and Carris ran past him and he ducked behind cover as more needle rounds bounced off the concrete pillar. Naomi took a knee in front of him and reloaded her assault rifle.

"We're gonna have to fall back to complex three. There's too many," Naomi rasped as she patted herself down, checking for spare ammo.

"Marcus, how are those charges coming along?"

"Charges set. Heading out now to provide fire support. Found some big guns."

Naomi leaned out and fired off a couple rounds, catching a Grunt in the face and tearing his breather mask in two. The Grunt reached for his crumpled mask and dropped to his knees, gasping for and clawing at the air. He was quickly put out of his misery by a gold armored Elite, the blade from his energy sword plunging through the back of its head.

"Marcus, we need that support, now!"

Aidan and Naomi rolled backwards as the Elite closed on their position in a few short steps, his energy sword slamming into the concrete pillar, showering the ground with molten rock. The Elite howled and swung his blade in a wide arc, catching Naomi across the chest, her shields failing and her chest-piece boiling and sizzling. Naomi yelled in pain and fell backwards knocking Aidan to the ground and pinning him. The Elite brought his sword up, gave a low guttural chuckle and brought his sword down. Naomi rolled off to the side as did Aidan with both of them nearly avoiding the sword. The Elite howled again and swung towards Aidan as he stood up.

Aidan dropped to his knees and heard the air above him sizzle as the sword passed mere inches from his head. He placed the barrel of his rifle up against the Elite's stomach and fired. The Elite kicked his leg out, the boot connecting with his chest. He grunted and flew backwards, his shields breaking and his rifle flying out of his hands. Stars exploded in his vision and it was hard to breath. Despite the pain, he rolled to the side as the Elite plunged his sword down again. The Elite roared in anger and kicked Aidan in the face, his golden visor cracking and his vision blurring. Aidan tasted copper in his mouth and he shakily rose to his feet only to fall to his knees. He slowly looked around. Covenant were pouring in from all directions and the rest of the team was starting to struggle as they were overwhelmed. Naomi and Carris stood back to back dealing with Grunts and Jackals as Evelyn dropped Elites who attempted to sneak up on them.

The Elite kicked him again and pinned him to the ground, the energy sword held high in the air. The Elite roared at Aidan and he defiantly roared back, ready for the end. Before the Elite could bring his sword down he stumbled off Aidan, his shields flaring from consecutive bursts from a M247H heavy machine gun. The Elite's shields broke in a brilliant flash of blue light and was quickly torn to shreds as the 12.7mm rounds continued to slam into him. The Elite dropped to ground in a bloody mess, his energy sword dying. Aidan looked over at Marcus as he dropped his weapon and ran to help.

"Not allowed to die, not yet." Marcus said, hefting Aidan up.

"Not yet huh? Fair enough." Aidan replied.

Marcus grabbed Aidan's rifle and tossed it to him before hefting the HMG. "Fall back and keep Evelyn and Riley covered," Marcus handed him a detonator. "You're gonna need this."

Aidan nodded his head, shouldered his rifle and dropped two Jackals coming up on them, their necks gushing purple blood. He ran towards Evelyn and took up position opposite of her and started to lay down suppressive fire where he could as Marcus turned his attention to assist Naomi and Carris, cutting down Elites, Grunts and Jackals.

"Holy shit! Three Covenant Cruisers just broke orbit!" Marcus yelled over TEAMCOM.

****CHAPTER THREE****

****0711 HOURS, AUGUST 30****TH****, 2552 (MILITARY CALENDAR)****

****EPSILON ERIDANI SYSTEM, ORBITAL DEFENSE GENERATOR****

****FACILITY A-331, REACH****

"Beta-Red Actual, this is Iron Fist! I am inbound to your position!"

Naomi ducked low as an Elite swung his Type-25 Directed Energy rifle for her head. She swung twice, both her punches slamming into the Elite's stomach. The Elite gasped for air and dropped to his knees only to have his head slam back and his neck snap as Naomi punched him in the face. She rolled backwards, dodging an energy sword.

"Negative Iron Fist! We are overrun," Naomi jumped back as the Elite swung again. "Get yourself out of here!"

"Sorry Beta-Red, not doing that, not with three Covenant Cruisers hanging above your head and most certainly not with the UNSC willing to blow this entire place to hell with you still here!"

Naomi caught the Elite's sword arm as he swung; barely stopping it inches from her face-plate. She squeezed down hard on the Elite's arm, gritting her teeth as she struggled to get a decent handhold on the Elite's forearm. The Elite growled in irritation and kicked out, hoping to knock Naomi off-balance. His boot scraped her chest and she hissed in pain, the wound still fresh and sore. She regained her footing, pulled the Elite in close and head-butted him, breaking his teeth and dazing him.

"Damnit! The only place you'll be safe is on the roof! We'll be there shortly!"

"Roger that Beta-Red. Two Mikes out."

Naomi let the Elite go, drew her pistol and fired twice into its face. She then aimed past the Elite and fired off three more rounds,

all three impacting the center of Jackal and sending him backwards.

"Reactor complex seven has been compromised. We're falling back. Might be able to save number three," Naomi looked up and saw a D77-TC Pelican come in hot, the chin-gun spooling up. The ground around Naomi and Carris exploded as rounds from the pelican slammed into the dirt, Elites, Grunts and Jackals, tearing them all to shreds. She grinned under her helmet, thinking the situation could be turned around. "Set off those charges now!"

Naomi felt multiple dull thumps underneath her as the charges went off, the generators to complex seven exploding.

"Negative Beta-Red. Covenant are surrounding this area quickly, not a chance in hell! Hurry up because the Covenant just took an interest in me!"

Naomi looked back at Iron Fist's pelican and noticed that every plasma bolt and needle round that was meant for her and her team were now directed at the pelican. Needle rounds bounced off the exterior, only for it to scorch as plasma bolts slammed into it, the heat peeling the paint off the sides of the bird.

"Head for the pelican, Red! Move! Move! Move!"

Naomi turned and saw Aidan providing covering fire for Marcus as he snapped the neck of a Grunt and quickly side-kicked a Jackal in the chest. She noticed Evelyn drop the sniper rifle and heft Riley up and over her shoulder and jog towards the roof of the facility. She looked over her shoulder and watched in horror as a stealth Elite materialized behind Carris, the blue prongs from his energy sword penetrating her armor and sticking out her chest. The Elite grabbed the back of her neck, lifted her up into the air, twisted the blade and swung to the right, the blade severing Carris nearly in half. Naomi yelled and caught the attention of two more stealth Elites as they came out of cloak. Before she could raise her rifle, the Elites drew their plasma rifles and fired. She stumbled backwards, the bolts tearing through her shields and slamming into her armor hard, melting and blackening it. Her skin started to blister and she tasted blood in her mouth. Her vision narrowed and her legs gave out. She hit the ground hard and started to lose consciousness.

"Marcus! Cover me! I'm grabbing Naomi!" She heard Aidan call out, his voice almost distant as she started to pass out.

Naomi then felt the ground under her disappear as Aidan lifted her up, firing his rifle with one hand. His gun clicked empty and he tossed it to the side, drawing his pistol and firing off at the stealth Elites who quickly cloaked.

"We need to move! NOW!" Aidan yelled.

"I've got the rear! Get her out of here!" Marcus yelled back.

Both SPARTANs sprinted towards the facility, taking the metal steps three at a time as plasma rounds burned through where they were seconds before, their shields flaring with each near hit. Evelyn quickly greeted the pair as they reached the roof and she took Naomi from Aidan, taking her inside the pelican and setting her down

gently. Aidan watched as Marcus tossed his last grenade, killing a group of Jackals and draining the shields of an Elite minor. Before he could make it to the pelican, an energy sword slammed through his right shoulder blade as one of the stealth Elites from earlier materialized behind him. Gel and blood bubbled from Marcus' wound and he howled in pain. He turned towards the pelican's weapon rack, quickly grabbed an M392 DMR and opened fire as the Elite kicked Marcus off his blade. Aidan stepped off the pelican and continued to pull the trigger until the rifle clicked empty. The Elite roared at him and charged him only to be torn to shreds as Riley manned the machine gun, her green acknowledgement slowly winking in his HUD. He grabbed Marcus and carried him towards the pelican as it slowly started to take off. Aidan set him down and looked at Evelyn as she grabbed a can of biofoam and inserted it into Marcus' wound. He hissed in pain as the white foam expanded and closed the wound.

"Hold onto your hats back there people! It's about to get hot!"

Plasma bolts randomly slammed into the troop bay, the SPARTAN's shields flaring up with each impact. As Aidan made his way to the cockpit, he caught Riley's BIO signs go dark. He quickly spun on his heel and watched as Evelyn caught her, the front of her visor melted off, the back of her helmet smoking and her body limp. The troop bay hatch closed shut and Aidan grabbed onto the door-frame as the pelican's nose lifted up, the pelican's speed increasing at an alarming pace. Then he heard it.

"CENTCOM, those cruisers are burning birds out to zero-five clicks; hell, they've hit civvy evac birds all the way out to CIS. Beta-Red have gone above and beyond but there's no way out for them, they just bought us our window, now give me the go and I'll finish the job."

Aidan looked at the pilot. Sweat covered his brow and he was gritting his teeth, muttering under his breath, willing the pelican to go faster. Aidan made his way aft and made sure both Naomi and Marcus were strapped in. He looked at Evelyn as she finished strapping Riley in. She removed her helmet and dropped it to the side, tears in the corners of her green eyes, her short red hair a mess.

"One of those Elite bastardsâ€¦he got off a lucky shot. She didn't see it comingâ€¦" Her voice trailed off.

"We've got bigger problems." Aidan replied, quickly changing the subject.

Evelyn looked at Aidan, confusion in her eyes.

"God help usâ€¦go hot. Out."

Evelyn's eyes widen. She mouthed the words 'No' as Aidan slowly removed his helmet, his expression grim. He closed his eyes as his Mark V helmet hit the scorched deck with a thump.

"This is _Majestic_. Copy, Alpha, requesting go for shoot."

Both SPARTANs grabbed the handholds above them as the pelican went faster, the metal frame groaning under the pressure.

"Affirmative, we are go on the shoot."

"Acknowledge. Shoot is a go, out."

"Those frakking bastards!" Marcus yelled as he gripped tightly onto his harness.

"Six rounds, target number Kilo Tango 2005."

"Copy _Majestic_. Target number Kilo Tango 2005."

"Shot, over."

"Shot, out."

"Splash, over."

"Splash, out."

"Rounds complete, over."

"Rounds complete, out. Alpha-20 to _Majestic_, all three target vehicles neutralized. I don't even want to guess what happened below."

2. Interlude One

****INTERLUDE ONE****

****ONI EVALUATION REPORT # [REDACTED]****

****DATE: OCTOBER 19****TH****, 2552****

****SUBJECT: LENA-B296****

****INTERVIEWER: [REDACTED]****

****ONI: ****Today, I'll be interviewing Lena-B296. A SPARTAN-III from Beta Company. Pulled from said company due to her excellent combat skill as a sniper and her cold personality, along with, as Lieutenant Commander Ambrose put it: "Being one of the few she would have chosen." Attached files show her combat record. Any authorized personal would see a lot of blank ink, however; it is a very impressive record. High marks across the board and a lot of high profile engagements, mostly against Insurrectionist targets. Previous reports made mention of pulling her off the field for mental and emotional rehabilitation yet whoever wanted her on the field kept her there. Veryâ€|effective. Anyways, send in Two-Nine-Six.

Door is heard opening. Lena-B296 walks in and sits down.

****ONI: ****Hello there Lena, I'm ****[REDACTED] ****and today, we'll be going over the standard fair. Psychology report, a few previous engagements, your squad and Reach?

Lena nods her head and straightens up.

****ONI: ****Previous combat records state that you've gone up against

more human targets than Covenant. Has that changed you at all? Made you colder, distant? Squad-mates and military personal have noted, on multiple occasions, your detached personality.

****LENA: ****There's no difference between killing Insurrectionists or Covenant. If it's bad, I kill it.

[REDACTED] writes something down.

****ONI: ****So do you blame the Covenant for your cold demeanor? Watching your parents die at the hands of a Hunter pair, then to watch as your home is glassed. Would you consider that a turning point or did it come later in training?

****LENA: ****Watching the Covenant destroy my life, my family, my friendsâ€¦ _ (Pauses) _ â€¦ just made me more eager to kill every single Alpha-Bravo that ruined the normal life I once had.

****ONI: ****I see. Top 15% of your class and assigned elsewhere before Operation: TORPEDO, which left only two survivors. Do you consider yourself lucky or did part of you want to be on Pegasi Delta with them?

****LENA: ****I don't regret anything butâ€¦ _ (Pauses again, looking past [REDACTED]) _...I should have been down there with them.

****ONI:**** Did you consider them family? Brothers and sisters?

****LENA: ****I did.

****ONI: ****_ (Writes something else down and clears his throat) _You were later assigned to SPARTAN Team Echo in 2549. This is where you saw more Covenant activity, due to them pushing into the Inner Colonies. How close to the team were you? Did you know any of them from training?

****LENA: ****I knew one of them from training. I met my closet friend, Samantha in training. She was always there when I needed a friend. The othersâ€¦ _ (Lena trials off) _

****ONI: ****You two were fairly close. In-fact, she even mentioned you by name a couple of times in other evaluations. What was her role in the team?

****LENA: ****She was our explosives expert. Even saved my head a couple of times.

Lena smiles a little bit. [REDACTED] jots down a few more notes.

****ONI: ****Echo was on Reach at the time of the invasion. Multiple engagements across the Viery territory, even dropped a Covenant Spire after _The Long Night of Solace _made itself known. What were your thoughts at the time? Did you think the UNSC could push the Covenant off Reach?

****LENA: ****_ (Coldly) _Not a chance. After reports of another Covenant fleet jumping in-system after _Solace's _destruction, I knew Reach was done for.

**ONI: **Yet your team shared a different view. Echo was later put on civilian evacuation duties, along two other SPARTAN teams. This happened between the days of August 18th and August 23rd, when the city of New Alexandria was under siege. How many souls did you and your team manage to save during that period?

**LENA: **We managed to save 400 souls in that time-frame. We unfortunately lost one evac ship.

**ONI: **I see. Multiple reports state that this wasn't a normal siege attempt that the Covenant are known for. Multiple units that managed to get out of New Alexandria claim that instead of Elites, there were Brutes? Is there any truth to this?

**LENA: **Yes. We encountered plenty of Brute squads. Tough Alpha-Bravos to take down. I think we all sustained some minor injuries from fighting them, mostly in hand to hand. Hell, I'm tempted to say they're more dangerous than Elites.

**ONI: **_(Writes something down and shuffles his paper. Places his hands on the desk and leans forward) _Tell me about your pain resistance. From what I understandâ€|

**LENA: **_(Interrupting) _I recover fairly fast from injuries. The only thing I can't stand are the headaches. Feel like jumping off a cliff sometimes. But other than that? Every injury I've had, I've recovered quickly.

**ONI: **_(Jots something down) _During the night of August 22nd, you and your team were ambushed at one of the many evacuation centers by a Covenant strike team. You took heavy fire from both from plasma and spike rounds yet you still stood and helped your team hold them off. Only problem was, your team leader had ordered you onto the evac bird. You claimed and I quote: "Sir, I wouldn't be doing my job as a SPARTAN if I abandoned Reach. I'll be fine." Did you understand how badly you were injured, or are you that stubborn?

**LENA: **_(Looking off to the side) _I knew my team needed me. I couldn't just leave them.

**ONI: **Yet your best friend carried you onto that ship and sedated you. A brief report from the combat surgeon on-board, after a quick glance over you said: "She should be dead ten times over, even for a SPARTAN." Medical files from the _UNSC Hopeful_ would later confirm these reportsâ€|

**LENA: **_(Visibly irritated)_ Look, I was angry at my team. I was even angry at Samantha and I was determined to help them! Yet as Samantha helped me onto the ship and set me down, I remember her telling me, "You'll be okayâ€|rest now." Then the sedative kicked in and I blacked out. I thought I'd be able to return to Reach to assist my team. _(Pauses and looks at [REDACTED]) _I had dreams about my childhood and familyâ€| _(Trails off)_

**ONI: **You've seen the reports about Reach, correct?

**LENA: **_(Nods her head) _Yes. The Covenant turned it into a giant glass ball.

**ONI: **Do you think your team was part of the surviving group that

made it off Reach on the 30th?

****LENA: ****I have yet to hear anything from my squad. All I know is that they've been marked MIA. I refuse to believe that Samantha is dead. I can't imagine her dead. _(Lena's voice begins to break) _Not until I see it with my own eyes. I'll always have hope that I'll see her alive.

****ONI: ****_(Standing) _SPARTAN Team Echo was killed in action. They were ambushed on their way to the ship breaking yards in Aszod to assist SPARTAN Team Noble. They were quickly overrun and slaughtered.

Lena falls silent. [REDACTED] walks to the side of the table and sets down a small data-pad. He slides it towards Lena.

****ONI: ****You're being transferred to a new team that's currently stationed at Base Hot Springs in the East African Protectorate. Your new commanding officer is Sierra-103. You're to report to him at 0600 Hours tomorrow.

[REDACTED] walks out of the room. Lena stares at nothing, fighting back tears.

End
file.